

# The BURROUGHS BULLETIN

## Bruce Eliot Jones

I was born in Kansas City, Missouri on October 31, 1944. I was the first kid on my block to own a TV. That and the radio took up most of my time. When the family moved to St. Louis, I began to attack the movie houses with the same enthusiasm I had for television. A kid next door, a junior higher who doubled as a baby sitter, devised a unique method of telling me stories from a diary he bought at the dime store. He drew the stories on the diary pages while telling them, thus adding another dimension to the tales. I acquired a diary and filled it with similar scribbles. At that time I discovered comic books. Back then (late forties-early fifties) comic books were really great stuff and I spent all my pre-comic code days buying all the gruesome horror rags I could get my Clark bar covered hands on—which my parents promptly snatched up and tore to shreds. "They'll give you nightmares, Bruce." They did—but who the hell cared? Better TALES FROM THE CRYPT than LITTLE AUDREY!

By now my parents had finally gotten hip to the idea that I liked to draw so, in order to save the walls and window shades, they bought me a \$20.00 drawing board on which I was to create such immortal characters as DIRTY LOUIE, JOE BLOW, and other assorted mongoloids better off forgotten.

Then, sometime between 1960 and 1964, I got involved with the opposite sex and forgot all about drawing. After that first kiss in a darkened basement, I figured I was an idiot to sit alone in my room drawing goofy little pictures all day (an observation which still haunts me to this day). At the University of Kansas, I learned that there are a great many other art forms in the world than that of the graphic story. I also learned that for a guy who could barely draw comic-style, they were practically unattainable.

THE BURROUGHS BULLETIN, #18. A non-profit amateur magazine distributed free of charge to members of THE BURROUGHS BIBLIOPHILES, a literary society dedicated to preserving the works and memory of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Published by House of Greystoke, 6657 Locust, Kansas City, Mo.

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I quit school somewhat depressed and confused and did what was probably the most stupid thing that I have ever done in my life...I joined the army! I was released from active duty in the summer of 1967 with a six year reserve obligation. Yeech!

And so, after spending twenty-two years of my life with my feet in the clouds and my head on the ground, or something like that, I began to draw comic art earnestly in August of 1967

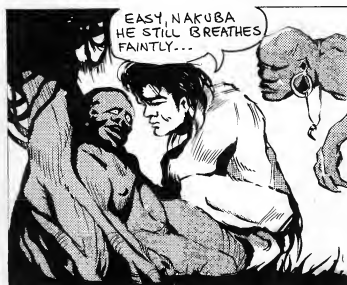
while earning tons of money every week washing dishes at the local pancake house. After a year of slinging ink all over the house, collecting old comic books and losing most of my friends. I stuffed my best work into a portfolio, all the money I had into my wallet, got married, and scampered up here to New York. As yet, I haven't set the industry on fire...but I'm still trying and hope to succeed. If not, I can always say this for choosing art as my vocation; I've had a lot of experience at dish washing.

—Bruce Eliot Jones

Ad-lib: It has been almost a year since Bruce Jones first visited the House of Greystoke and became an enthusiastic member of the Burroughs Bibliophiles. In a short space of time, we got to know Bruce pretty well and enjoyed his visits because we were interested in the same things which prevented us from becoming bored. You know, things like ERB, St. John, Frazetta, etc. One time Bruce even let us meet Yvonne, a very attractive young lady who was soon to become Mrs. Jones. Anyway, if you don't believe Bruce is an enthusiastic Burroughs fan, just take a gander at the following pages. You'll be seeing more of Bruce Jones' work...not only in the BB, but in future issues of Fantastic and Amazing magazines and on the covers of paperbacks.

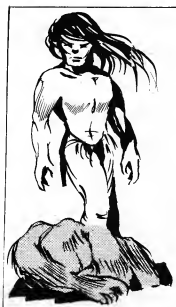
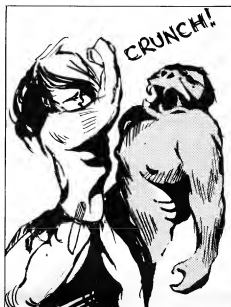


# EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS TARZAN









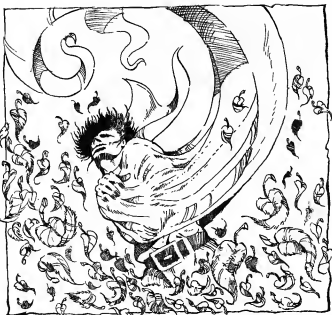


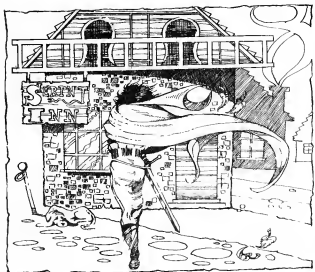
# MR LOCA

BY THE ODDS! IS THERE A BLEAKER LAND  
IN ALL THE WORLD? IF THESE DEMONIC  
CLIFFPS DON'T DASH ME TO MY DEATH THIS  
SATANIC WIND WILL. IN ALL MY DAYS I'VE  
NEVER KNOWN SUCH WILDERNESS. UNLESS I  
SOON FIND SHELTER THE ELEMENTS WILL DO  
ME IN...



BRUCE ELIOT JONES  
1968







IT WOULD APPEAR, INN KEEPER, THAT SOME OF THE TENANTS OF YOUR FINE LODGING ARE IGNORANT OF THE MEANING OF HOSPITALITY; I WAS CAUGHT WITH MY PANTS DOWN THAT TIME...

...PERHAPS I CAN RETURN THE FAVOR...

BRING MY SUPPER TO MY ROOM, KEEPER. I'VE GROWN TIRED OF YOUR GUESTS.

WHO'S THERE?



FORGIVE ME SIR FOR DARING TO APPROACH YOU AT THIS LATE HOUR BUT I MUST WARN YOU...THERE IS GREAT DANGER HERE! YOU MUST LEAVE SIR, OR...(SOB)...YOU WILL...(SOB)...BE...KILLED!



THERE, THERE... BE AT EASE, GIRL. NOW TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.



INCREDIBLE AS IT MAY SOUND, THE PEOPLE OF THIS VILLAGE BELIEVE A DEMON IS HAUNTING THE TOWN. TO APPEASE THE CREATURE, THREE TOWNSMEN ARE CHOSEN EACH YEAR TO CHAIN A YOUNG VIRGIN TO A CLIFF HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS...



...THERE SHE IS LEFT UNTIL MORNING. WHEN THE VILLAGERS RETURN TO WHERE THEY HAD BOUND HER, NOTHING REMAINS BUT EMPTY SHACKLES AGAINST A CLIFF STREAMING WITH THE POOR GIRL'S BLOOD...

THIS ALL SOUNDS FANTASTIC I KNOW, BUT YOU MUST BELIEVE ME FOR YOUR OWN SAKE. EVERY STRANGER WHO ENTERS THE TOWN IS PUT TO DEATH TO PROTECT THE SECRET...

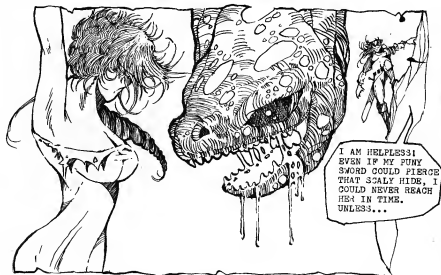
TONIGHT IS THE EVE OF THE ANNUAL SACRIFICE. TOMORROW MORNING THREE MEN IN THE TAVERN BELOW WILL TAKE THE CHOSEN ONE TO THE CLIFFS... THE CHOSEN ONE... IS... ME!

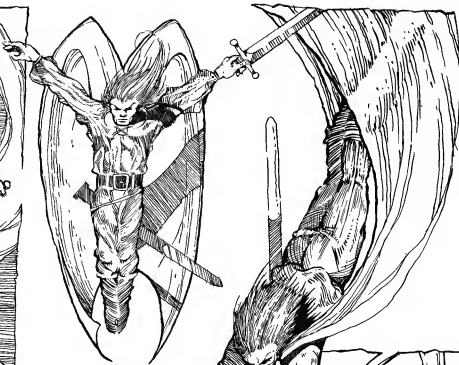
JEET NOT, PAIR ONE. WHILE MORON BRUTES NOT ALL THE MONSTERS OF HELL WILL HARM THERE. NOW CLOSE THE DOOR AND I WILL MAKE YOU FORGET THESE DARK THOUGHTS...

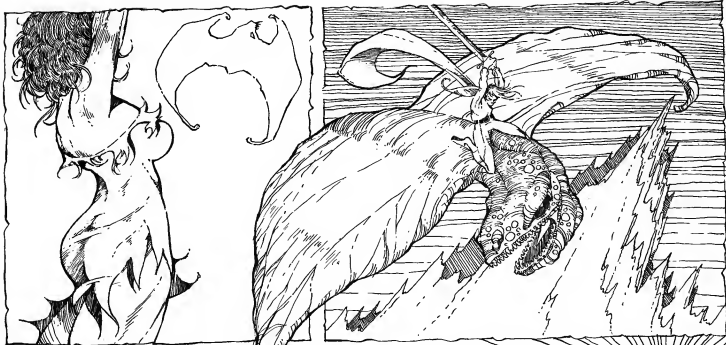


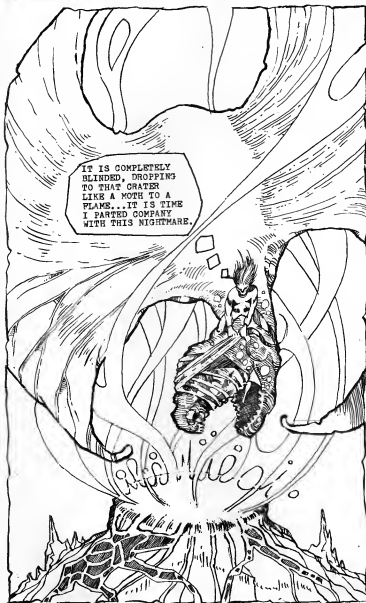
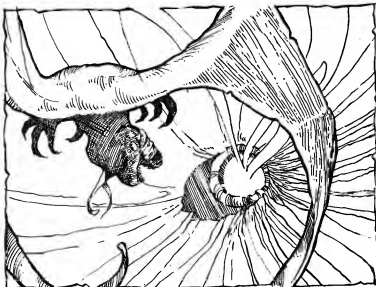
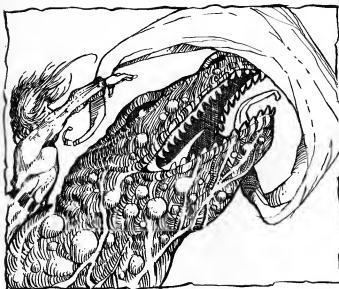
MORNING

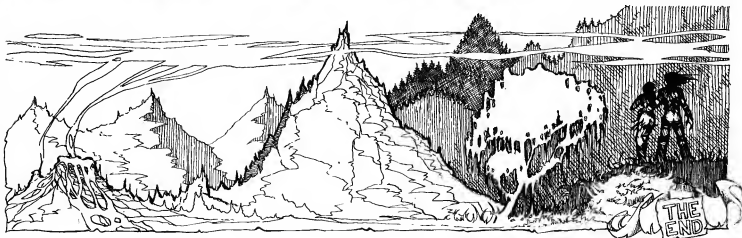
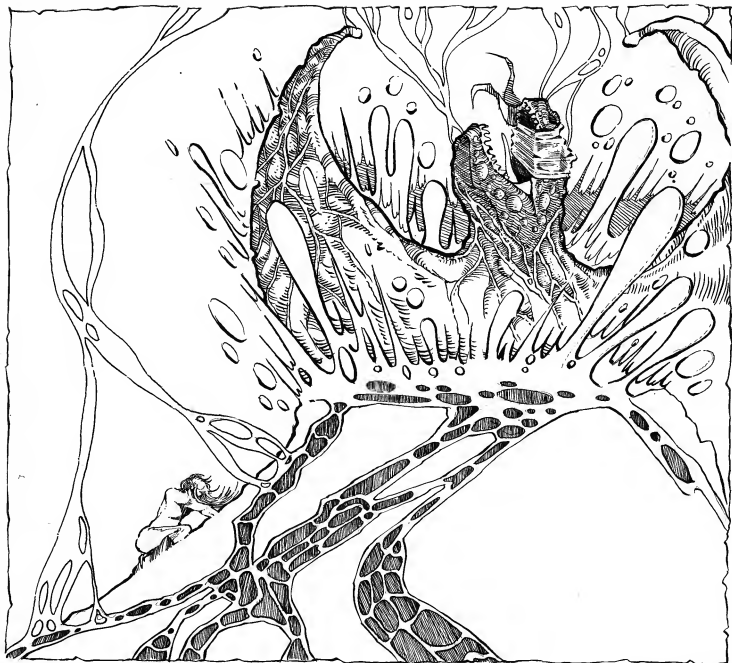




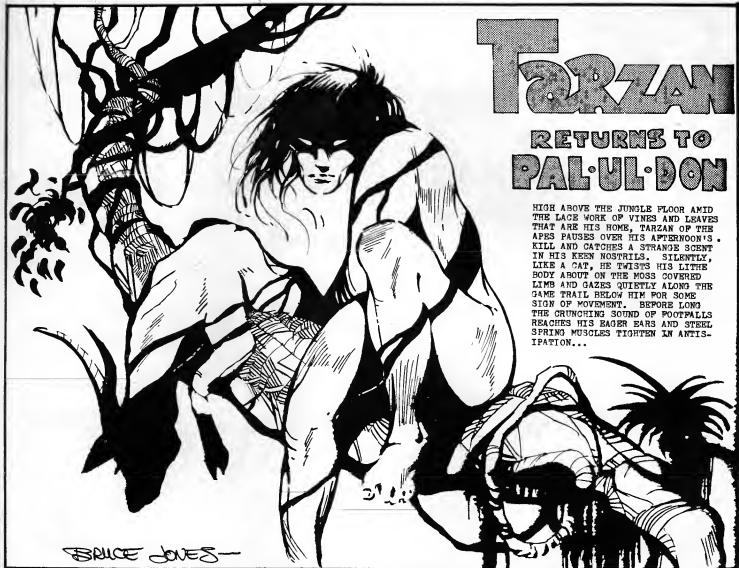












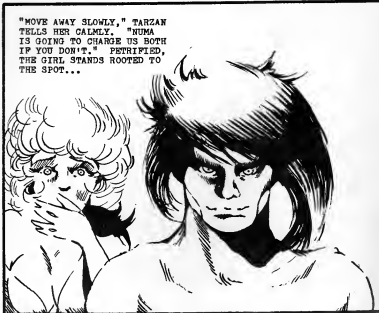
# TARZAN

## RETURNS TO PAL'UL'DON

HIGH ABOVE THE JUNGLE FLOOR AMID THE LACE WORK OF VINES AND LEAVES THAT ARE HIS HOME, TARZAN OF THE APES PAUSES OVER HIS AFTERNOON'S KILL AND CATCHES A STRANGE SCENT IN HIS KEEN NOSTRILS. SILENTLY, LIKE A CAT, HE TWISTS HIS LITHE BODY ABOUT ON THE MOSS COVERED LIMB AND GAZES QUIETLY ALONG THE GAME TRAIL BELOW HIM FOR SOME SIGN OF MOVEMENT. BEFORE LONG THE CRUNCHING SOUND OF FOOTFALLS REACHES HIS EAGER EARS AND STEEL SPRING MUSCLES TIGHTEN IN ANTICIPATION...



TARZAN DISCERNES THE FOOTFALLS AS THOSE OF A HUMAN...BUT A MOMENT LATER ANOTHER SOUND MINGLES WITH THE FIRST...





THE JUNGLE LORD  
NIMBLY SIDE-STEPS  
AS THE LION RUSHES  
IN, BARELY MISSING  
THE FLAILING CLAWS  
AND RAZOR TEETH...



...AND IN THE  
SAME MOVEMENT  
LEAPS UPON THE  
MONSTER'S  
BACK!



THE HUNTING KNIFE  
FLASHES UPWARD,  
GLINTING IN THE  
BRILLIANT SUNLIGHT.  
THEN ARCS DOWN BE-  
TWEEN THE SHOULDERS  
OF THE ENRAGED BEAST.  
A SCREAM OF PAIN DEIRS  
THROUGH THE FOREST...



AGAIN AND AGAIN STEEL  
BLADE PIERCES FLESH  
AND FUR SEARCHING FOR  
THE VITAL SPOT WHILE  
THE LION TRIES IN  
VAIN TO DISLODGE IT'S  
CLINGING AGRIVATOR...



...UNTIL AT LAST,  
STREAMING WITH  
SWEAT AND BLOOD,  
TARZAN FINDS THE  
GREAT HEART AND  
NUMA COLLAPSES  
WITH A SHUDDER...





"YOU...YOU REALLY KILLED HIM!," STUTTERS THE GIRL. "WHO ARE YOU?" "I AM TARZAN OF THE APES. THIS IS MY JUNGLE. WHAT BRINGS A WHITE GIRL TO IT WITHOUT THE MEANS TO DEFEND HERSELF?"



"TARZAN?...THEN IT'S TRUE! I NEVER REALLY BELIEVED IN YOU. THE NATIVES SPOKE THE TRUTH."



"MY NAME IS LAURA PETERS. MY HUSBAND AND I WERE MARRIED IN THE STATES ONLY A WEEK AGO. WE DECIDED ON AFRICA AS A CHOICE FOR A HONEY-MOON..."



"AFTER CHECKING THE RATES WE FOUND IT WOULD BE MUCH CHEAPER TO USE BOB'S OWN PLANE. WE WERE ABOUT THREE MILES OUT OF CAPE TOWN YESTERDAY EVENING WHEN THAT TROPICAL SQUALL CAUGHT US AND BLEW US OFF COURSE. SOMETHING HIT THE RIGHT WING ALL AT ONCE, PROBABLY LIGHTNING, AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW WE WERE ON THE GROUND AND BOB WAS UNCONSCIOUS. I LEFT THE PLANE TO SEARCH FOR HELP..."

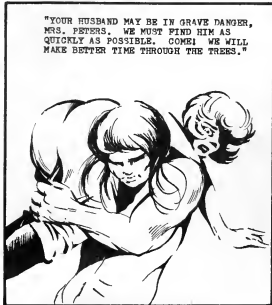


"I MUST HAVE WANDERED FOR MILES BEFORE YOU FOUND ME. I WANT TO THANK YOU, TARZAN."

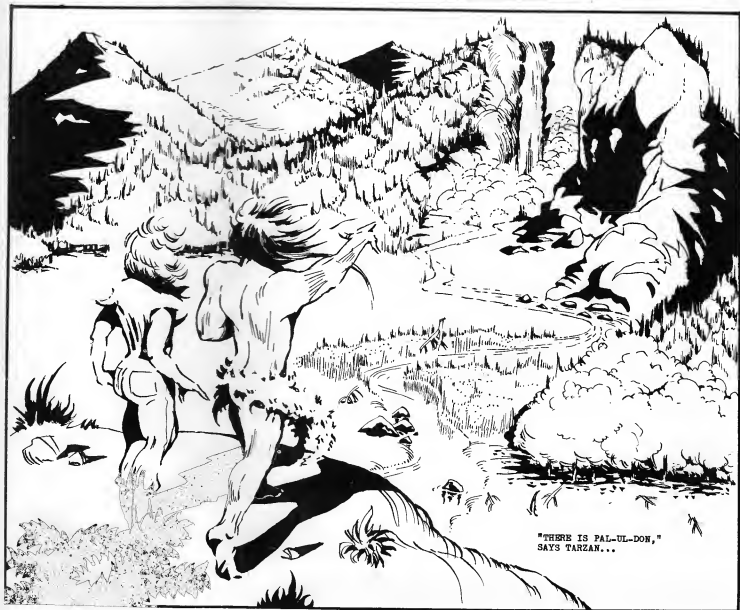


"YOU HAVE COME SOUTH FROM THE EDGE OF PAL-U-L-DON," SAYS TARZAN. "THERE IS MUCH DANGER THERE."

"YOUR HUSBAND MAY BE IN GRAVE DANGER, MRS. PETERS. WE MUST FIND HIM AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. COME! WE WILL MAKE BETTER TIME THROUGH THE TREES."



LAURA PETERS GASPS  
IN ASTONISHMENT AS  
MIGHTY SINGAS BEAR  
RISE UPWARD AND THE  
GRASSY EARTH RUSHES  
AWAY...



"THERE IS PAL-UL-DON,"  
SAYS TARZAN...



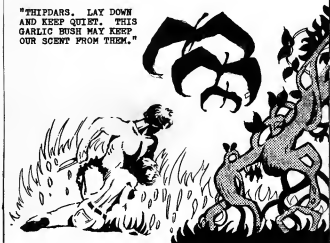
AS THE TWO DESCEND  
CAREFULLY INTO THE  
LUSH MOUNTAIN STUDDED  
VALLEY THAT TIME  
FORGOT, TARZAN IS AWARE  
OF A PAINT HUMMING ON  
THE WIND...GLANCING  
DOWN HE BEHOLDS A HUGE  
GROTESQUE SHADOW AT  
THEIR FEET...

"DOWN!" HE CRIES  
SUDDENLY AND LAURA  
FINDS HERSELF  
SPINNING TO THE  
THICK GRASS...

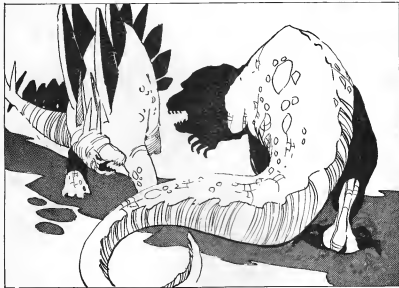


"WHAT IS IT, TARZAN?"

"THIPDARS. LAY DOWN  
AND KEEP QUIET. THIS  
GARLIC BUSH MAY KEEP  
OUR SCENT FROM THEM."



"DOES THIS TERRITORY  
LOOK FAMILIAR?" ASKS  
TARZAN. "I'M NOT SURE,"  
REPLIES THE GIRL.



"TARZAN, WE'VE BEEN TRAVEL-  
ING FOR HOURS NOW. HAVE  
YOU LOST THE TRAIL?"

"NOT AT ALL, MRS. PETERS.  
LOOK STRAIGHT INTO THAT  
GROVE OF TREES  
AHEAD...IS THAT  
NOT THE PLANE?"

"THE PLANE! THE PLANE!"

BUT TARZAN IS MORE CON-  
CERNED WITH THE TRACKS  
THAT SURROUND THE AIRCRAFT.

"DARLING...  
WE'RE COMING!  
WE'RE COMING!"

"GONE! HE'S  
GONE! MY  
GOD...HE'S  
BEEN EATEN  
ALIVE..!"

"I THINK NOT,"  
SAYS TARZAN.

"BUT IF WE DON'T  
HURRY HE WILL BE.  
HANG ON, MRS.  
PETERS..."



NEARLY AN HOUR LATER  
TARZAN HALTS AT THE  
EDGE OF A WIDE CLEAR-  
ING AND LAURA GAZES  
DOWN AT A WEIRD AND  
TERRIFYING SIGHT.  
CHANTING INSANELY  
BEFORE THE LIZARD-  
GOD THEY WORSHIP IS  
A TRIBE OF PAL-UL-DON'S  
WOLF-PEOPLE, THE MOST  
DREAD OF ALL THE CREATURES  
THAT TREAD THE FORGOTTEN  
LAND.



BUT THE REAL ROOT OF  
HER FEAR LIES NOT  
IN THE BEASTIAL RITES  
OF THE PRIMITIVE WOLF-  
MEN BUT IN THE AGONY OF  
THEIR HELPLESS CAPTIVE...  
HER HUSBAND BOB PETERS!



TARZAN AND LAURA STEAL  
QUIETLY AROUND BEHIND  
THE CLAY IDOL IN AN  
ATTEMPT TO GET CLOSER TO  
HER HUSBAND WITHOUT  
BEING SEEN...



WITHOUT WARNING  
A PYTHON THRUSTS  
IT'S UGLY HEAD  
INTO VIEW BEHIND  
LAURA...



UNTHINKINGLY SHE  
SCREAMS...

"I'M SORRY, TARZANI"

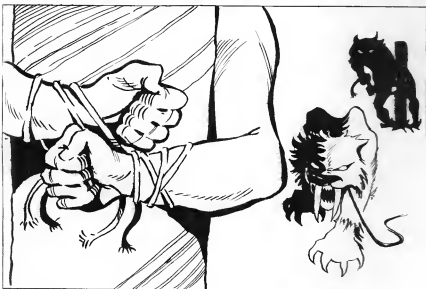
"STAND EASY," REPLIES  
THE APE-MAN.



CONCERNED FOR HER SAFETY, TARZAN  
ALLOWS THEM TO BE TAKEN CAPTIVE.  
BOB PETERS, DESPITE  
HIS DESPERATE FLIGHT,  
SMILES VAGUELY IN  
THE REALIZATION  
THAT HIS WIFE  
IS ALIVE...



WITH WOLFPIG OLE THE LEADER OF THE  
CREATURES POINTS TO THEIR MONSTEROUS PET;  
A SABER TOOTH TIGER! THERE IS LITTLE  
QUESTION IN TARZAN'S MIND AS TO WHAT  
IS TO COME NEXT, BUT ALREADY  
HIS MASSIVE ARMS ARE WORKING  
AT THE FLIMSY CORDS THAT  
BIND HIM...

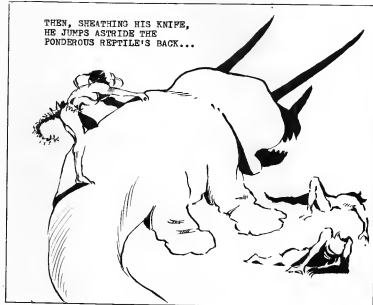
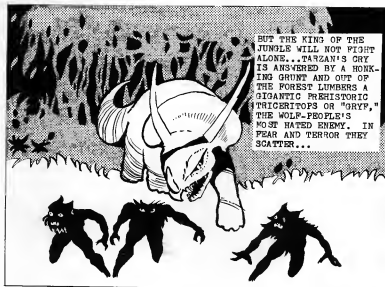


AS THE VINE ROPES  
SNAP FREE, THE  
JUNGLE LORD IS  
NOW AWARE OF A  
NEW SCENT DRIFTING  
INTO THE CLEARING  
FROM THE SURROUND-  
ING JUNGLE. AS  
THE GREAT CAT PRE-  
PARES TO SPRING  
BEFORE HIM HE  
TOSSES BACK  
HIS DARK MANE  
AND GIVES  
VENT TO A  
STRANGE WAIL-  
ING CRY...

THE SABER TOOTH CHARGES,  
TARZAN DIVES ASIDE, AND  
THE PULL WEIGHT OF THE  
FELINE CRASHES HEAVILY  
INTO THE STURDY STAKE...



DAZED AND BATTERED  
THE SABER TOOTH IS  
NO MATCH FOR TARZAN'S  
LIGHTNING BLADE. HE  
QUICKLY DISPATCHES THE  
BEAST THEN TURNS TO  
FACE HIS TORMENTORS...





TONS OF MESOZOIC  
FURY CRASH HEAD-  
LONG INTO THE BULK  
OF THE LIZARD-GOD.  
THE DRY CLAY AT  
THE BASE OF THE IDOL  
SHATTERS AND CRACKS  
UPWARD AS IT'S  
FOUNDATION SHUDERS  
AND CRUMBLES. THE  
LEERING HEAD SEEMS  
TO NOD BRIEFLY THEN  
TOPPLES BACKWARD  
SLOWLY WITH THE REST  
OF THE DISENJOINED  
STATUE. WITH A RUMBLE  
LIKE MATED THUNDERS  
THE WHOLE STRUCTURE  
RENDS ITSELF APART ON THE  
HARD JUNGLE FLOOR AND  
SCATTERS INTO A MILLION  
FRAGMENTS BEFORE THE  
FLEEING WOLF-PEOPLE...



"HOW CAN WE EVER THANK  
YOU?" ASKS BOB PETERS.

"BY KEEPING A SECRET  
FOREVER THE LAND OF  
PAL-UL-DON," REPLIES  
TARZAN.